

# CHARIVARIA.

It is apparently still uncertain whether the Duke of the ABRUZZI will obtain his bride without a struggle. He is, it is said, taking two cruisers with him to America.

A Bill has been introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies to abrogate the clause of the Civil Code under which the bride at a marriage has to promise obedience to her husband. But even this will not satisfy the more advanced of the feminists, who wish a definite undertaking of disobedience to be substituted.

"Every stroke of work we do," says a leading Suffragette, as reported in *The Daily Chronicle*, "carries us a little further towards the goal." The last word is surely a misprint?

A recent article in a tailoring paper on the dress of literary men failed to mention that the editor of a certain well-known paper is frequently to be seen in a libel suit.

Mr. Justice BARGRAVE DEANE's remarks on the Morals of the Stage are still being discussed in dramatic circles. It is felt that it was anyhow very foolish for a Divorce Court Judge to quarrel with his bread-and-butter.

In the debate on Unemployment it was mentioned that the Government had given permission for 10,000 reservists to go to the Colonies. The WAR MINISTER explained that this would not add to the difficulties of mobilisation in the event of war. In fact the fewer the reservists the easier they will be to mobilise, of course.

As it has been found that workmen's tickets were being used by all classes, the Great Western Railway Company has determined in future to issue such tickets to *bonâ-fide* workmen only. A vigorous protest from Socialist leaders is expected.

"I have a pullet hatched on March 7," writes a gentleman to a contemporary, "which started laying on July 25, and laid ten eggs before

she was five months old." Will the HOME SECRETARY'S Bill to prevent the over-laying of the young meet a case like this?

London possesses many dining clubs, but at Kingscliffe, near Peterborough, there is an institution which is frankly called "The Pig Club."

*The Westminster Gazette* in its new form evidently believes in attractive head-lines. Witness the following extract from our contemporary:—

"£5,000 FOR NEW EXETER HALL.  
Lord Kinnard has made a donation of £1,000

be passed making it a penal offence for any newspaper to publish the names or photographs of any females offending against public order.

The indiscreet utterances of the KAISER in the course of a certain interview make it look as if there was more than one "Ex-Diplomatist" present.

It is satisfactory to know that work on our new naval base at Rosyth is to be pushed forward at once. It will prove a handy spot from which to fit out expeditions for the Far East, as the KAISER would say.

The KAISER may be right in saying that in the matter of affection for us he is in a minority of his own countrymen. Anyhow, we must prepare against the day when he joins the great majority.

"PEACEFUL PERSUASION."  
—We are very sorry for you that your cause was so badly damaged behind the grille last Wednesday. We agree with you that a lady who enters the House as the guest of a Member ought to behave like a gentleman. The motto of the Suffragettes should be "Manners, not MATTERS."

"Mr. Lawrence, in addressing the jury, laid stress on the fact that, although the prosecution had stated that many things were burnt, they had failed to produce them in Court."  
*Pulman's Weekly News.*

How these barristers bring out every little point which tells in favour of their client.

"Mr. Rockefeller's most absorbing indoor recreation is violin-playing; and it is a question which lies closer to his heart, his bow or his golf clubs."

*Tid-Bits.*  
It sounds as if his swing was rather cramped. If he doesn't take care an "iron" will enter into his soul.

"MADRID.—The Cabinet to-day discussed the situation arising out of the attack by tribesmen on the Spanish miners employed in a mine in the Melilla district. The matter was considered to be one of minor importance."—*Reuter.*

Thus does even a great mind like *Reuter's* unbend at times.

"FURNITURE DANCES OFF.  
PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN ITALY.

[By 'ECHO' PRIVATE WIRE.]

What we want to see is furniture that dances off *without* a wire.



*Lady.* "I'VE BEEN EXPECTING A PACKET OF MEDICINE BY POST FOR A WEEK, AND I HAVEN'T RECEIVED IT YET."

*P. O. Clerk.* "YES, MADAM. KINDLY FILL IN THIS FORM AND STATE THE NATURE OF YOUR COMPLAINT."

*Lady.* "WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S BILIOUSNESS!"

towards the erection of the new Exeter Hall, Strand."

Mr. REMNANT was speaking in the House when the Suffragettes made their Gallery scene. "Remnant Day" has always proved a strange attraction to the fair sex.

*Ignorant Old Gentleman.* "Why's that woman chaining herself up, constable?" *Policeman.* "She's a member of the Women's Freedom League, sir."

It is now rumoured that the Government has at last decided to take effective steps to put an end to Suffragette rowdiness. A Bill is to

### THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN KAISER.

DEAR SIRE,—We've all been reading that little brochure about you called *The Indiscretion of William*. All of us, that is, except the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. EDWARD GREY told the clerks he wasn't to be allowed to see it; he's too new to his work. That's why he couldn't answer a question on the subject in the House last Wednesday.

You've heard about it, of course? It was in *The Daily Telegraph*. The author chose *The Daily Telegraph* because he knew how you love sending wires to everybody. If there'd been an *Hourly Telegraph*, he'd have put it in that.

They say it's really and truly founded on fact. If they hadn't said so, I should never have believed that part where you complain that the mass of the German nation doesn't approve of your being so fond of us. Do you know, I always thought of you quite differently. I thought that you only had to lift your finger and every German fell flat on his face and said "*Hoch!*"; and if they didn't, especially if they were editors, they went straight off to jail.

I can't think where I picked up this idea of your omnipotence, unless it was from yourself. You see, you so often talk about the Almighty as agreeing with what you do and say and think, that I suppose I must have got confused.

And now it turns out that you're just a leader of a small minority, like our Mr. BALFOUR. And no House of Lords at your back!

In the circumstances, do you think you were quite wise to talk so freely about the object of all these *Dreadnoughts* that you're pushing on with so fast? You may think that they're designed for the protection of German mercantile "horizons"; but the great majority of your people is under the impression that they're meant for us. You don't suppose that all these poor devils would let themselves be bled to pay for a ridiculously fat fleet if they thought it was just intended to look after the interests of German merchants abroad. Everyone knows these gentlemen are safe enough and doing nicely under the flag of Britain or America or any other country but their own. If you go on drumming it into our heads that your superb fleet isn't meant to down ours, one of these days your people will see that they've been fooled, and refuse to build any more Navy.

There's one of your own pet Pan-German papers, *The Daily Round-view*, already saying some appallingly frank things about you. As soon as it read *The Indiscretion of William*, it went and wrote the following plain words: "Away with all hope of final stability in our policy." I wonder you let the Editor go on living. But I forgot: you're in a minority; and minorities don't count.

By the way, there was one of your perorations which broke down very badly. It began all right, but tailed off just anyhow. It was where you were showing how nobly you behaved to us during our bad time in the Boer War, when the others came and asked you to take a hand in their game of "humiliating us in the dust." This is how it went: "What was my reply? I said that, so far from Germany joining in any concerted European action to bring about England's downfall,"—here, of course, I thought you were going on to say that you were ready to defend our poor desolate island with your last drop of blood; that only over your lifeless

body, damaged beyond recognition, should they, etc. And this is what you are made to say instead:—"Germany would always keep aloof from politics that would bring her into complications with a Sea-power like England." It rather looks as if you didn't think the game quite good enough. If I were you, I should have this put right in the Second Edition.

I think it was most awfully sweet of you making that war-map for Lord ROBERTS. If we had only been told about it earlier! But, you see, we got your KRUGER telegram (which we didn't care for) fixed in our minds, and we never heard of the map until the other day; and I'm afraid we shall always remember the telegram best. On the other hand, your own people were very pleased with the telegram, and now they're quite cross about the map. And I expect they'll remember the map best. Anyhow, it makes it very difficult for posterity to discover which side you were really on, and I'm very glad that I shall not be asked to have anything to do with delivering "the serenely impartial verdict of history."

Still, you mustn't "lose patience." I want you to go steadily on saying just what occurs to you. Life is not so amusing, even with Suffragettes trailing chunks of grille behind them, that we could afford to miss the diversions you provide. And we don't really dislike you any more than we dislike these other humorists. Only of course we have to take them seriously when they begin playing about with the Unemployed. And so with you. You see, both your Army and your old friend FRANZ-JOSEF's have been out of employment for thirty or forty years, and I can't remember that your Navy has ever had a real job to do. And here's the winter coming on, and hard weather foretold in the Balkans.

I trust you will take this letter in the genial spirit in which it is composed. I'm sure your heart is in the right place. It's simply your head that causes me anxiety.

Accept, in conclusion, my affectionate regards, and believe me, dear Sire, to be

Very respectfully your  
O. S. \*

\* = Obedient Servant.

### BRITAIN'S BENEFACTOR.

MORE "CALCULATED INDISCRETIONS."

[Since the despatch of the above letter we have received from Our Special Eavesdropper at Potsdam an extended version of certain passages in the famous interview. This new version, he says, is current in the highest Anglophobe circles at Berlin.]

"You English are mad, mad, mad, mad—mad as March hatters. You seem to have forgotten all I have ever done for you and am still doing. Ask your Admiralty who it was who designed the first *Dreadnought* and sent them the plan. Pigeon-holed somewhere in Whitehall that plan awaits calmly the verdict of an impartial posterity.

Your War Minister will tell you who it was who gave him the idea of the Territorial Army. Was that the work of a secret enemy? You make it very difficult for me. Again, was my happy idea of a Franco-British Exhibition the deliberate act of a relentless foe? Surely you do not blame me for the bungle you made over the Marathon Race! Time will show at whose recommendation it was that DORANDO was presented with a special cup by your QUEEN, thus perhaps avoiding war with Italy. Why is it that you mistrust me?



### A FELLOW-FEELING.

*American Bird (exhausted by Presidential Election). "GUESS IT'S A HARD LIFE BEING AN EAGLE!"*



REPRODUCED FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BUREAU OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT



A BIRD-OF-PRIDE

THE BUREAU OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO FURNISH THIS PHOTOGRAPH FOR THE PURPOSE OF REPRODUCING IT IN THE "LIFE" MAGAZINE

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*Solicitor.* "... AND I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND, MADAM, THAT THIS IS THE BEST COURSE TO ADOPT—IN THE EVENT OF YOUR FRIENDLY LETTER FAILING TO PRODUCE THE EFFECT WE DESIRE."

*Client.* "YES, I SEE, MR. JONES: IF I CANNOT GET WHAT I WANT BY FAIR MEANS, I MUST PUT THE MATTER UNRESERVEDLY INTO YOUR HANDS."

"Only the other day, foreseeing that you were likely to have trouble with your Suffragettes, I sent specially to London for full particulars of the numbers of women expected to be in Parliament Square; I then drew up a plan with the aid of my General Staff and forwarded it to Scotland Yard. It was, I think you will admit, a coincidence, to say the least, that the plan so successfully adopted by your Commissioner of Police bore a very strong resemblance to the one I sent!

"At this very moment I am devoting all my spare time to the solution of your Unemployment Question, and I think that *here*" (pointing to a bulky despatch addressed to "The Rt. Hon. JOHN BURNS") "I have the key to the problem at last. And yet you say I don't love England! And now if you will excuse me I must get on with my designs for your new Naval Base at Rosyth. By the way, you will be passing a post-office; would you mind sending this telegram to ASQUITH? It may help him with his Licensing Bill."

#### THE END OF THE EXHIBITION.

##### HOME-MADE STATISTICS.

Our imaginative arithmetician—in short, our statistician—has again been at work, and sends us the following interesting figures about the great Franco-British Exhibition which closed on Saturday last:—

9,725,862 people have said "It would take more than a week to see it properly."

It was the expressed opinion of 5,227,043 visitors that Lyons must be making a pot of money out of it.

100,000 miles have been covered by the bath-chairs,

and they have carried 1,401,617 stone, or 8,760 tons 17 stone. The man who wheeled the odd 17 stone about is still in the hospital.

"Parley voo frongey" has been said in jest by 3,942,113 persons, from Oldham, East Ham, Tooting, Cincinnati and other places.

An aggregate of 54,750 working days has been wasted in waiting for admission to tea, the Scenic Railway, the Flip-flap, and other duties and amusements.

"But you should see it lit up at night!" has been said by 4,622,187 people.

"Has this all got to be pulled down again, then?" has been asked by 2,432,982 females and 1,922,707 males. Of the former 300,221, and of the latter, 26,440 have added, "What a shame!"

7,443,264 people called it the Exhibition.

2,324,166 people called it the Franco-British Exhibition.

1,248 people called it the White City.

The straps in the Twopenny Tube had to be renewed every six weeks. Thirty-four miles of leather strap were thus consumed, for which the skins of 600 horses of the London General Omnibus and the Road Car Companies were required.

The Flip-flap has absorbed 1,900 gallons of oil, a quantity equal to the amount of beer drunk in the same period by 13 average British working-men, according to the latest Local Government Board figures.

The Golden Dome has been mentioned 243,275 times in *The Daily Mail* and its allied publications and 7 times in other papers. These latter went to press before the mishap could be rectified.

## GRATITUDE.

ONE morning Mr. Postman stopped;  
He gave two sounding knocks  
And automatically dropped  
A letter in my box.  
It bore a whiff of prime cigars  
Within my humble attic;  
'Twas from the god who rules the  
stars—  
The stars that are dramatic.

My heart beat fast. The god had  
read

Some lines of mine in *Punch*;  
He wanted some new songs, he said,  
So would I come to lunch?  
With eager pen I inked the seams  
That glistened white and shabby,  
And, filled with fond ecstatic dreams,  
I cried, "ROMANO'S, cabby!"

The god, for all his awful might,  
Was gentle as a dove;  
He smiled on me and bade me write  
A verse for LOTTIE LOVE.  
I wrote it. 'Twas an extra verse  
For LOTTIE'S favourite ditty.  
It struck me as extremely terse,  
Intensely sly and witty.

Within my darkened box I sat,  
My throat one choking lump,  
My pulses going pit-a-pat,  
My stifled heart thump-thump.  
Each nerve was strained, each muscle  
tense—

I thought I should go dotty  
The while I waited in suspense  
The coming on of LOTTIE.

At length she came. Gods! who can  
tell

The turmoil that was mine  
When LOTTIE'S voice began to swell  
Upon my foremost line?  
I closed my eyes; my brain whizzed  
round;

I listened, white and quaking,  
But I could scarcely hear a sound  
My organs were not making.

It was the crisis of my fate.

I wildly dared to hope  
If this goes down, the golden gate  
Of Paradise will ope.

I shall be numbered with the stars,  
Lunch daily at ROMANO'S,  
And drive about in motor-cars  
With ravishing sopranos.

LOTTIE had ceased. I held my  
breath

Awaiting what might fall.  
A silence, as it were, of death  
Descended over all.

Still silence—still! Each nerve felt  
raw,

I listened half hysteric;  
And then I heard a loud guffaw,  
Hilarious, Homeric.

One man had seen my point, one  
soul

Had fathomed my intent;  
And in his stall was fain to roll  
Convulsed with merriment.

His face, alas, I never saw;  
I cannot hope to know him;  
But when I think of that guffaw  
My frozen heart begins to thaw,  
I long to follow Nature's law  
And pay the debt I owe him.

## LARGE TYPE FOR ALL.

A HUGE demonstration, convened by Sir H. H. HOWORTH and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, assembled in the Albert Hall on Saturday last to protest against the arbitrary and capricious manner in which the distinction of big type is conferred on those who write letters to *The Times*. The boxes were occupied entirely by peers and bishops; the amphitheatre and area by M.P.'s, baronets, knights and members of the Victorian Order, while the upper tiers were filled by hundreds of "Constant Readers," "Old Subscribers," "Members of *The Times* Book Club," "Verb. Saps.," "Experto Credes," "Audi Alteram Partem," and "Pater-familiasses," all in their best clothes.

Sir H. H. HOWORTH, opening the proceedings in a mammoth speech of which we can give only the barest skeleton, said that he could not remember the time when he did not want to write to the premier daily paper of the metropolis. Modestly disclaiming his right to preside over so vast a meeting, he pointed out that in the last forty years he had contributed several thousand columns to the correspondence columns of *The Times*, which, if paid for at the rate of a penny a line, would have brought him in enough to have enabled him to have come to the rescue during the paper's recent crisis. In the old days, he went on, all correspondents were placed on a typographical equality. Then the practice of preferential treatment crept in, at first only to a very small extent, and in the case of distinguished pseudonyms, but now it had become so general and at the same time so neglectful of intrinsic merit as to call for public protest. His motto was, "Large type for ever."

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER said that the size of the type was immaterial. What they really wanted was Simplified Spelling. (*Cries of "Order."*)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who was greeted with faint hoots, said that as a Socialist he was all in favour of

uniformity. But pending the advent of the Millennium he could not see why *The Times* should depart from its present practice, which sought to establish a harmony between the type and the momentary importance of the writer. Some people thought in capitals—his friend Mr. HALL CAINE, for example—and it was obvious that small "caps" would not fit swelled heads. On the other hand, if Sir H. H. HOWORTH'S letters had always been set up in long primer, the paper would have had to be permanently enlarged, and goodness knew it was big enough now.

LORD ROBERT CECIL said that the question was one which touched him nearly. His younger brother, Lord HUGH CECIL, so long as he sat in the House, was printed in small type. But since he had lost his seat he was printed in large type, while he (Lord ROBERT), though an M.P. and a K.C., had not yet emerged from the obscurity of small type. Was this fair? he asked.

At this stage in the proceedings Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON sat down to the piano and gave a masterly rendering of his "Long Primer Polka," composed expressly for the occasion.

Sir W. S. GILBERT protested against his letters being put into smaller type than a rhapsody on a new dance. Only last week he sent *The Times* a carefully-reasoned protest against the Hertfordshire police, and to his amazement he had to take a microscope to read it. No type, he held, was too large for the letter.

Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON and Mr. J. LANDFEAR LUCAS, speaking in unison, agreed with the last speaker that serious letters deserved more attention than reports of the gambols of a Canadian gymnosophist.

At this point the Chairman put to the meeting the resolution that all correspondents of *The Times* whose letters were worth printing deserved equal typographical treatment. With only two or three dissentients this was carried.

On Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER again rising to press the claims of Simplified Spelling the meeting broke up in some disorder.

"Their gallant opponents made a fierce onslaught on the Fort William uprights, which fell by a piece of really good work, half time finding both sides equal."—*Oban Times*.

As the gallant opponents were handymen from H.M.S. *Diamond*, no doubt they put the uprights ship-shape during the interval!



## SCANDALOUS ELECTIONEERING INCIDENT.

BASE TRICK PLAYED ON A TEMPERANCE ORATOR BY A LICENSED VICTUALLER.

## THE PURPLE PROVINCES.

BEING eager to test the truth of the remarkable statements in *The Daily Mail* as to the refinement and luxury which have lately come upon certain of the English provincial towns, Mr. Punch despatched one of his myrmidons on a mission of investigation. His report is extremely interesting, bearing out the testimony of *The Daily Mail's* discoverer and establishing for ever the right of the provinces no longer to be stigmatised by the word "provincial."

London of course remains the ideal of comfortable civilization, with its many hotels—one for every inhabitant—its clean streets, its refined music-halls, its intellectual drama, its orderly system of traffic, and its pure, sweet atmosphere; but the provinces must no longer be sneezed at, the reason being very largely, no doubt, the new gospel of recreation and comfort as taught by the Democratic Press and the humanising work of the motor-car, carrying hungry and refined Londoners to distant places, intent upon good food and plenty of

it and a little amusement at night. The result is a complete renovation of the hotels and music-halls, which are now little temples of ease, inviting the provincials, who hitherto amassed their money without thought of culture, to spend it freely on pleasure.

In Manchester, he writes, I found not only electric light but the telephone. There is at least one theatre, for I went to it, and saw a performance not inferior in intelligence to that which I witnessed only last week in our own Gaiety. It was one of SHAW's plays, and the audience seemed to take the points very much as the author intended. I went also to a music-hall, which compared favourably with our own Middlesex. The shops are quite good, but there is a hopeless provincialism in the accent of the people. The cotton mills in the neighbourhood are far superior to any I have seen in or about London. The local newspapers seemed to me to have enterprise; but I was pained to learn that none of them had assured Turkey of their friendship and support.

Birmingham, he writes, is by no means devoid of the machinery of civilization; but I must confess to acute disappointment now and then. It has, for example, no Twopenny Tube; and, asking at a chop-house for some caviare, I was met with looks of perfect astonishment. On the other hand the streets, though populous, are well-conditioned, and on enquiring of an assistant in one of the large tailoring establishments I learned that dress-suits are occasionally made for Birmingham men. An interview with an Edgbaston domestic servant revealed the fact that table-napkins are now used, quite as in the real Bloomsbury.

Hope for England may therefore continue.

"Choose a nice young rabbit, and after having been skinned and cleaned cut it into pieces as for stewing."—*Daily Mail*.

The searching formalities to which young housekeepers have apparently to submit before they can do anything with a nice young rabbit should send most of them back to the less exacting beef and mutton.



## DISCURSIONS.

## A PRESENT FOR THE CHILDREN.

SCENE—*The Library. Time, 6.45 P.M. He is smoking and reading a paper. She is examining a cardboard box about four inches square by six inches in height. Everything is quiet and peaceful.*

*He (looking up).* What's that you've got hold of?

*She.* It's a box.

*He.* Anything else?

*She.* No, just a box. But of course there's something inside it.

*He.* Why "of course"?

*She.* Well, boxes usually have things in them. This one came from Boston this morning from MARY HALE. She writes (*takes up letter and reads*): "I am sending the children a Japanese puzzle which is all the rage here. Everybody has gone mad about it, and you can't go anywhere without finding it. I hope it will amuse the children during the long evenings. What do you think has happened to HARRIETT SOAMES? She has actually—" The rest doesn't matter. But it's very kind of MARY.

*He.* Yes, very. Have the kids seen it?

*She.* They're very much excited about it. They'll be in to have a try at it directly. I thought I'd keep it here. Things get so dreadfully spoilt in the nursery.

*He.* What is it? Let's have a look at it. (*She hands over the box, which he examines.*) What's this? (*Reads.*) "The Putmewright Puzzle. One hundred-and-twenty-five pieces. The Musicians. Kobayashi."

(*Reflectively*) Yes, it sounds Japanese right enough. (*Takes off lid.*) Why, it's full of— It's our old friend the Chinese puzzle come back again. It's as easy as walking. I used to do 'em when I was a boy.

*She.* But, of course, you were a very brilliant boy.

*He.* I was. Let's turn it out and have a go at it.

(*They clear a table and turn the contents of the box out in a confused heap of little wooden slabs, of irregular conformation, and having one side plain and the other coloured.*

*She.* Looks easy enough, doesn't it?

*He (doubtfully).* Well, they all fit together, you know, and make a picture. (*He spreads the heap out.*) There's no difficulty. (*He picks up a piece.*) There's a bit of a foot on this one. You've only got to find the other bit. (*He begins to search.*)

*She.* You've got a hundred-and-twenty-four pieces to choose from. Take time; go steady. Here's another foot. No, it's a hand, or (*inspecting carefully*) it might be a piece of face. You never know with the Japanese. Here, I've got a bit of sky; it's light blue. That must go on the top.

*He.* The foot must go at the bottom.

*She.* Don't you be too sure. These Japanese musicians often stand on their heads when they play. (*Takes another piece.*) Here's the top of a roof. That's in the middle anyhow, somewhere between the sky and the foot, whichever way up he's standing. There—now we've got three pieces in their proper place.

(*They become more and more absorbed in their work.*

*He.* You're always taking the piece I want. I've got a head and a big straw hat all but finished and you've done nothing yet.

*She.* If you'd only leave me alone for a minute I'd get this background done.

*He.* How do you know it's a background?

*She.* Well, it looks like a background; can't be anything else.

*He.* I think it's a dress.

*She.* And I— No, that won't fit. (*She rattles feverishly through the loose pieces.*) Give me your straw hat. (*Seizes it.*) Now, do you see? It's not a straw hat; it's an umbrella.

*He.* Sold again. It doesn't fit. Hand it back. (*He seizes it.*) I'll lay a thousand it's a hat.

(*A knock is heard at the door, and two little girls come dancing into the room.*

*He.* Now children, don't make a noise. Your mother and I are very busy. (*To Her.*) That's no good. You're trying to put a hand into the top of a tree.

*She.* It isn't a hand; it's a bird sitting on a branch. (*To the little girls.*) Don't crowd round the table, dears; go and sit on the sofa and read.

*1st Little Girl.* But we want to play with Aunt MARY's game. You said we might.

*She.* Yes, darling, some other day. To-morrow, perhaps. Daddy and I are trying to put it right for you now.

*2nd Little Girl.* But why shouldn't we play with it? It's our game. Aunt MARY gave it to us.

*He (stomily).* If this sort of thing goes on we shall never finish.

*She (to the children).* Run away now, darlings. You shall have your game to-morrow.

*The Little Girls (together).* You're both very cross and cruel.

(*They leave the room indignantly in tears.*

*He (looking guiltily at Her).* Let's call them back and give them the blessed thing.

*She (determined).* Never. I've just got his sash fixed in, and I simply couldn't bear to give it up now.

(*They proceed with varying success. Suddenly a gong sounds.*

*He.* Good heavens! That's dinner and we haven't even washed our hands.

*She.* Only a minute more. I've got his nose, but the top of his head's gone. It must have dropped on the floor.

(*They both go down on their hands and knees to look for it, and in this position the butler, entering to announce dinner, finds them a moment later.*

*The Butler.* Dinner is quite ready, Ma'am.

*He.* Yes, yes. Go away; we shall be in in a minute.

(*Left struggling.*)

Mr. HUBERT MORGAN-BROWNE, instinctively hitting upon the delicate and tactful thing to do, writes to Mrs. HERBERT GLADSTONE as follows: "... I make bold to ask you two questions:

(1) How would you like to be stripped and searched by prison wardresses? and

(2) What would you think of some other woman's husband, who, having it in his power to prevent, permitted you to undergo this indignity, although he knew you to be a prisoner, not for a crime committed, but at the bidding of intense political convictions?"

In case Mr. HUBERT MORGAN-BROWNE forgot to enclose the usual stamped addressed envelope, Mr. Punch makes bold to answer these questions for Mrs. GLADSTONE.

(1) Not at all.

(2) Nothing.

Mr. MORGAN-BROWNE, having helped the cause to the utmost of his ability, may now retire.

## MIGHTY ATOMS.

LITTLE ALMA GOGOL, aged eight, made her London *début* at the Empress Hall last Friday afternoon, and proved by her singing of *Caro nome*, *Una voce* and *Di danti palpiti*, as well as other selections in Russian, Czech, and the Sandjak dialect of Novi-Bazar, that she is fully entitled to her proud appellation of "The Miniature MELBA." Her voice is by no means altogether unpleasant, though somewhat weedy in the upper register, but her frocks and her self-possession are quite unique, and when, at the conclusion of her most ambitious effort, an indiscreet admirer presented her with a life-sized doll she declined the offering with a gravity that was truly impressive.

The wonderful infant Welsh contralto, GLADYS AP-JENKINS, created a *furor* at Steinhammer Hall last Saturday evening. Her most remarkable effort was in the famous song *In Cellar Cool*, in which she more than once descended to the low E, thereby fully justifying her sobriquet of "The Buttlet," given in graceful acknowledgment of the profound talent of our foremost British contralto. "The Buttlet" is at present only nine and a half, but she is nearly five feet high, and at her present rate of growth there is a very reasonable prospect of her attaining to, if not eclipsing, the stature of her exalted exemplar and namesake. The quality of her voice can honestly be declared to be not absolutely repulsive, and, if protected from overstrain in the next ten years, may quite possibly remain endurable by amateurs who judge of the merits of a performance solely by the vigour of the puff preliminary.

A charming effect was produced by little GEMMA SPAGHETTI—the infant TETRAZZINI—at the recital given by her at St. James's Hall on Wednesday last. This wonderful child, whose voice is of quite astonishing shrillness, sang a number of *Wiegenlieder* while lying in her own cradle, and at the close of the concert was wheeled off the platform in an aluminium perincubator.

The latest *Wunderkind* of the pianistic world, little BENNO SCHLUMBERGER, or "The Pocket PADEREWSKI," as he is called by his enthusiastic admirers, presented a bewitching appearance at the Albert Hall last Friday afternoon, when the whole of the vast auditorium was crowded with a most fashionable and infatuated audience. Master BENNO came on to the plat-



## GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

"NOW, WHAT MAKES THE SEA SALT?"

"THE BLOATERS, MISS."

form dressed in a bronze velvet knickerbocker suit, with a huge Limerick lace collar and lavender kid boots, and with his *chevelure* arranged in the fashion of an Abyssinian archimandrite. Although his touch and execution are not yet equal to those of M. PADEREWSKI, in capillary attraction he is already far superior to that eminent virtuoso, and, unless his scalp is subjected to undue strain by the somewhat exacting method of *coiffure* which he has adopted, his artistic future should be both bright and prosperous.

A pleasant variety was introduced into the programme by songs from his sister MIRIAM, a charming child whose expressive *minauderies* more than compensate for her faulty intonation and incapacity to keep time.

"In order to have a good supply of fresh meat on hand, we kill half a cow every week for the manufacture of the above 'Pies.'"

*Kensick Weekly Reminder.*

The thought of the second half of the cow knowing by some subtle instinct that it has only another week to live is too piteous.

**It is never too late to mend.**

"BRUNSWICK CHAPEL.

10.30.—REV. JOHN FREEMAN.

6.30.—REV. H. G. ROBERTS, M.A.

"The most hopeless young men in Leeds."

*Yorkshire Post.*

"FLORENCE's gentleman gives Italian conversation lessons to English American people."

*Add. in "Corriere della Sera."*

Before any English American engages him it would be as well to find out what FLORENCE herself thinks of her gentleman's conversation.



Jones (commencing soliloquy). "NOW SEATED ON ME FATHER'S THRO—!—!!—!!!—WHO THE DEUCE LEFT THAT INFERNAL CROWN THERE?"

### THE SIDESMAN.

FOR THE THIRD DAY RUNNING.

[*"A happy sidesman makes a happy bride"—TENNYSON.*]

FOR what seemed weeks, but was the last two days,  
I'd potted up and down that blessed baize—  
Sorting out aunts in browns and aunts in greys.

For what seemed always, but was only twice  
(Looking, if I may say so, rather nice),  
I'd lent a hand with hymn-sheets and with rice.

Once more the dear old bells ring out; once more  
I linger, pink but anxious, at the door—  
This is the third time. Here she comes! Oh, lor'!

Something on these occasions goes and thrills  
My fancy waistcoat at the first "I will's":  
It can't be hopeless love—it must be chills.

Something—a sinking feeling—round the heart  
Clutches me closely from the very start,  
And tells me I am fairly in the cart.

Something . . . And yet the fiercest unconcern  
So masks me that the vergers never learn  
How underneath my chest I yearn and yearn.

"Wilt thou?" And (there you are!) profoundly stirred,  
A gleam of hope strikes through me—wild, absurd . . .  
"No luck!" I sigh. "He's on it like a bird."

"I, Edward John"—and lonely at the back  
I wish my name were EDWARD; I could hack  
Myself that I was never christened JACK.

"I, Amabel" (O AMABEL!) "take thee"—  
I groan and tremble greatly at the knee;  
"There, but for someone else," I say, "goes Me."

Tell me, my friends, what is it tries to shove  
My heart into my watch-chain, as above:  
Tell me it is not chills—it must be love.

Yet not for AMABEL. No weight of care  
Clogs me as I pursue the happy pair  
Into the vestry and admire them there;

Save this: I take the clergyman aside—  
"Do I," I whisper—"you're the third I've tried—  
Do I, or do I not, embrace the bride?"

A. A. M.

"The report of the Household Stores Association, Ltd. (Manchester), for the year ended Aug. 31, 1908, states that the net profit was £1,899. The directors recommend a dividend of 10 per cent, free of income tax, on the subscribed capital, leaving £1,883 to carry forward."

The Dramatic Criticisms and the Hockey Notes of *The Grocers' Gazette* continue to be beyond praise, but we think their figures, both as to the year and the profit, must be wrong. The "subscribed capital" works out at £160, where one would have expected it to be at least £200.





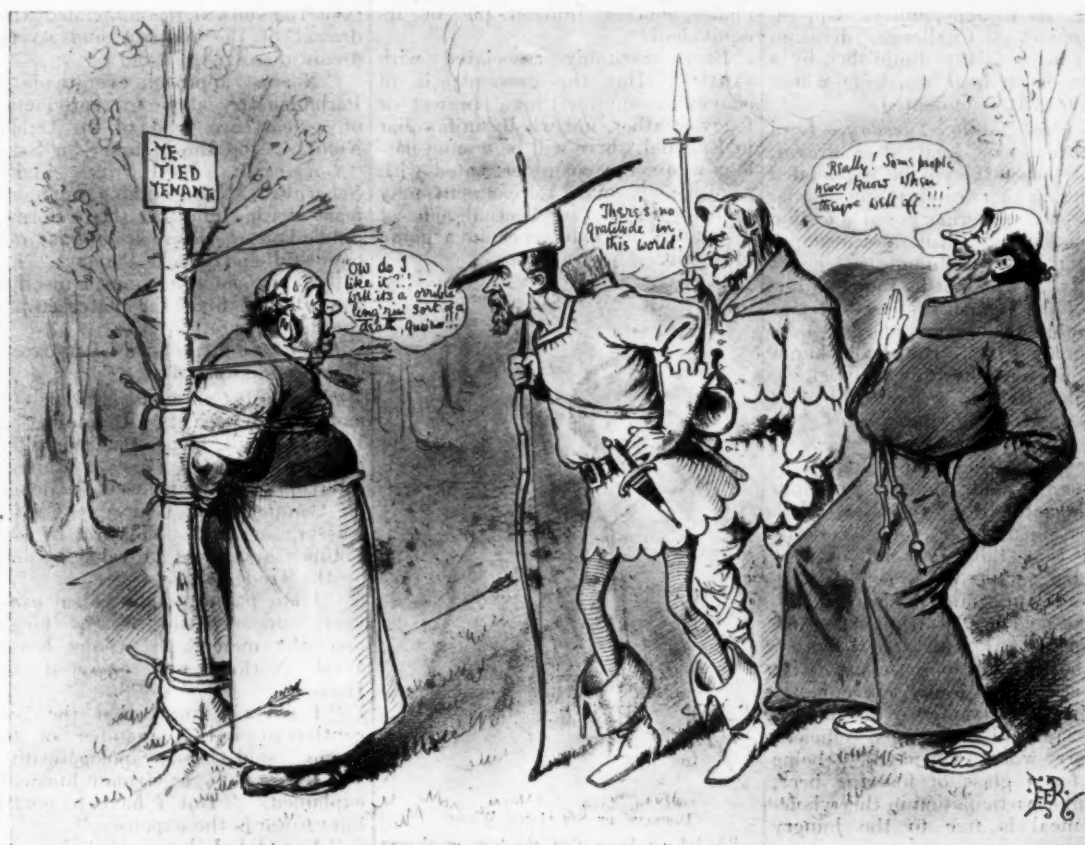
### SUPPLANTED.

GUY FAWKES (out of favour). "WELL, WELL. MOTTOES CHANGE! IN MY DAY IT WAS 'UP WITH THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT!' STILL, DOWN OR UP, IT DON'T MATTER, SO LONG AS THE GOOD WORK GOES ON!"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



IN THE HANDS OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN.

"He was not going to accuse hon. Members opposite of being brigands, but the arguments which had been put forward by them were identical with those used by brigands from time immemorial to justify their brigandage."—Lord Robert Cecil on the Licensing Bill.

(Bung, Sir T. P. Wh-tt-k-r, Mr. L-f J-n-s, and Sir S-n-l Ev-n-s.)

House of Commons, Monday, October 26th.—It is not for nothing Captain CRAIG figures in the Parliamentary record as representing Down-East. In the United States, to speak of a man as a Down-Easter is to intimate opinion that, if you want to get the better of him, you will have to be up very early in the morning. The Captain to-day justified his topographical association. Has entered into competition with MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY for the prize of champion querist. A neck-and-neck race. Sometimes M. Q. is two or three ahead; next night the defeated but undaunted Captain makes a spurt, equalling, even exceeding, his rival's record.

This afternoon MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS did one of those little things which show how the passion for racing on any field loosens the moral

fibre. Wanted to know about some small detail of Army administration; really forget what it was. Instead of submitting his point in form of single enquiry, he split it up, placing two questions on printed paper. This would give him opportunity of putting a couple of supplementary questions, running up his night's score by four. That old soldier N. B. HALDANE not easily taken in.

"I will," he blandly said when M. Q. put forward the right leg (so to speak) of his enquiry, "answer both the hon. gentleman's questions at the same time."

Thus M. Q. was able to put only one supplementary question, losing a unit from the total on which he had confidently counted.

During momentary subsidence of M. Q. the captious CRAIG, roughly dragging the gentle LULU to the front,

gave him—in a Parliamentary sense of course—a preliminary box on the ear and sternly enquired "If he could state why the national flag was not flown over the National Portrait Gallery on Trafalgar Day?"

It turned out that the written question was handed in at the table a day before the anniversary. This made matters a little mixed. The tense was all wrong.

"Intelligent anticipation," the wise LULU called it.

MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS has entered a protest against the query being credited to CRAIG when at end of the week the score between them is made up. CRAIG means to insist on profiting by the advantage gained by shrewd prevision.

Business done.—Ministerial measures dealing with Unemployed debated. Prince ARTHUR protests



that a single sitting not sufficiently long for discussion. PREMIER meets objection by moving to suspend eleven o'clock rule. That would add some hours to opportunity. Opposition object. Challenge division, which, being taken, diminishes by a quarter of an hour the time whose undue brevity is lamented.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—Lord LAMINGTON has dreamed a dream. Interpretation thereof he expounded to-night in ear of listening lords. Has been considering vexed question of public-house licensing now occupying attention of Commons. Believes difficulty may be met by radical alteration of the British system. At present public-houses are places where men go to drink. But man cannot (or should not) live by drink alone. Why not munch a mouthful with his glass of "something short" or long?

When visiting United States LAMINGTON made himself familiar with hospitality of the New York liquor saloon proprietor. Well he knows that table at end of spacious bar, whereon is set the big bowl of clam soup, flanked by the round of cold beef warranted to turn the edge of any knife; on the other side, the highly-coloured cheese with the chisel and hammer conveniently contingent, instruments old practitioners recognise as most efficient for quarry-work. On payment being made for a glass of foaming beer, five cents, participation in this wholesome meal is free to the hungry customer.

LAMINGTON does not go so far as to recommend introduction to London of the American institution known as the Free Lunch. But he thinks we might well lighten the darkness of the British public-house by adaptation of Continental customs. In his mind's eye, *Horatio*, he sees transformed the Coach and Horses, that desirable Woolwich property recently, at the psychological moment, transferred from War Office proprietorship to the hands of a private trader. Beer shall be freely sold as heretofore, nor shall whiskey nor gin be banned. But in convenient contiguity shall be ranged plates of seductive sandwiches, pyramids of mutton pies, odorous fried fish, bread and cheese galore. When the customer has not only drunk but eaten, he shall be led forth by trim maiden or white-aproned *garçon*—these are mere details to be settled in Committee—on to a grass-plot, where he will find bowls and skittles at his disposal.

Lord LAMINGTON stands firm to the principle that underlies his Bill. One pot one pie. If the customer desires more drink, he must purchase another mutton-pie or its equivalent.

Beer inevitably associated with skittles. But the grass-plot is of course for summertime. In wet or foggy weather, not wholly unfamiliar in England, there will be a snug parlour where the customer, sated with wholesomely mixed refreshment, may minister to the intellectual side of his nature by indulgence in a game of dominoes or draughts.



DOUBLIN' UP SIR G-ERGE WHITE.

"I did not know that the hon. gentleman was a member of the (Liquor) Trade, nor did I know that he contributed, to any large extent, to the revenue derived from it."

(Sir Edw-rd C-rson, K.C.)

Pretty to see LAMINGTON with airy grace preaching the new gospel that shall make Licensing Bills unnecessary, spreading throughout the land the genial glow of public-houses, homes indeed for the wayfarer and the working-man. Idyllic dream shattered by purest accident. Title of measure submitted for second reading was Public-Houses (Extension of Facilities) Bill. It was the three words in brackets that did for it.

"Extension of Facilities!" cried watchful Ministerialists. "What facilities?"

CARLISLE, looking into the matter, declared that the facilities were all for the publican, who would be able, unhampered by magisterial supervision, to make unlimited extension of his premises. FITZMAURICE's military eye, trained at the Foreign Office,

recognised in the movement "a reconnaissance in force designed to hamper the Government Licensing Bill." After long debate the cautious LANSDOWNE recommended withdrawal of the motion, and so the dream dissolved.

"Nearest approach ever made on Parliamentary stage to reproduction of a feast we read of in *Arabian Nights*," said the Member for SARK. "Barmecide LAMINGTON invites *Schacabac*, the working-man, to feast with him in the reformed public-house. There is promise of a bountiful and varied banquet. But lo! when *Schacabac* seats himself at the table he finds the plates empty, the dishes bare."

*Business done.*—Lord LAMINGTON's dream is dissipated.

*House of Commons, Friday.*—At end of tedious week in Committee on Licensing Bill, House still marvelling as to meaning of GEORGE WHITE's interruption. Was heard in debate on Compensation Clause. CARSON was arguing that under Act of 1904 Compensation was provided by levy on the Trade itself.

"I am paying a great deal every year," moaned the worthy knight and alderman with whom North-West Norfolk has endowed the House.

"I did not know that the hon. gentleman was a member of the Trade," said CARSON apologetically.

"I am not," Sir GEORGE hurriedly explained. "But I have to contribute towards the expenses."

"Nor did I know that he contributed, to any large extent, to the revenue derived from it," continued CARSON with increased deference.

Though Chairman of the Rotary Machine Company, WHITE could not turn round quickly enough to parry this unexpected thrust. He sat dumb, and carries with him into the void of the week-end the mystery of his meaning.

*Business done.*—Still harping on the Licensing Bill.

### Gold and Nickel.

BIMETALLISTS are expressing intense joy at the remarkable chance which has arranged that the new lectureship in English Literature at Oxford, founded by the Goldsmiths' Company, should be offered to Mr. NICHOL SMITH.

"G. K. Chesterton is in great demand, and should be secured immediately."—*Advt.*  
We would suggest a butterfly net.



## JERICHO.

*Irreverent Youngster (to old Huntsman, pounded by a wall). "NOW THEN, CHARLEY, IT'S NO USE WALKING UP AND DOWN IN FRONT OF IT, UNLESS YOU BLOW YOUR TRUMPET."*

## TO GUY.

[The alternative attraction suggested in our central cartoon is not the only one.]

I'm often tempted to enquire  
Why none of all our later singers  
Has ever taken down his lyre  
And swept it with responsive fingers,

And had at least a try  
At something tuneful to our old  
friend Guy!

For, as a martyr to a Cause,  
Guy, you're as fit for modern  
ballad

As any breaker of the laws  
We've subsequently seen Valhalla'd,  
And advertised in papers  
By kodaks which record his public  
capers.

How freely, when your name was  
hailed

In early times with ceremonial,  
The noblest circles caked and aled  
'Mid doings one may call baronial;  
While varlets drained the bowl  
And fell upon the bullock roasted  
whole!

To-day such junketings as these,  
Which appetites were kept in trim  
for,

Have gradually ceased to please,  
Until you're but a synonym for

A negligence in dress  
Combined with lack of facial come-  
liness.

And, since 'tis so, we well may stop  
And ask ourselves the question  
whether

We shall not some day let you drop  
Out of our purview altogether,

And seek a livelier thrill  
In padlocked Suffragettes behind a  
grille.

TARRED WITH THE SAME  
FEATHERS.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—You are always  
so kind to my friends and myself that  
I know you won't mind my writing  
to you now.

Will you tell me what you think of  
the following facts?

One morning last week I was  
doing my breathing exercises in the  
garden and thought I would vary  
them with a little excitement, so I  
ran up a tree after a bird. Just as I  
had managed to catch it my mistress  
came out of the house, took away  
the bird, and whipped me for my  
"dreadful cruelty." I didn't mind  
the whipping, but I had no breakfast  
that day, which was terrible.

That afternoon I was sitting with  
my mistress when a box was brought

in addressed to her. Out of the box  
came a hat, and then I understood  
why I wasn't to catch the birds. All  
round the hat were dead birds! Of  
course she wanted the birds in the  
garden for herself. She kept on say-  
ing, "Isn't it sweet?" but don't  
you think it's rather greedy of her  
to want to keep them all to herself?  
Don't you think we ought to go  
shares? Yours, etc.,

PERSIAN.

P.S.—I have just been to sleep  
and had the most awful nightmare.  
I dreamed that my mistress was  
wearing me on her hat! I am so  
frightened I don't know what to do.  
I heard my mistress say only yester-  
day that white hats were to be worn  
this winter! Would you put in a  
paragraph saying if you have ever  
seen ladies with white Persian kit-  
tens on their hats?

P.S. 2.—Do you want a kitten in  
Bouverie Street? I could sit under  
the cartoon-table and pick up a few  
unconsidered trifles. Fond of dogs.

The latest cigarette put upon the  
market by a Manchester firm is  
called "The Swan-Song." An  
ominous name! Does nobody ever  
come back for more?

## AMUSINGS.

[Some notes upon curious findings discerned by S. John Otsakura, of Nagasaki, Student of Automobile Construction, Letters & Life.]

## II.

## UNEMPLOYEDS.

DURING the collation of cold snaps provided by bleak October's chilly blast the chamber window sweet of my bed-sitting room having become too infernally round a peg in its square hole, a carpenter was inveigled to attend and circumvent the draughts. He was distinguished from his fellows by a cravat of the poppy's glowing hue and cry, and his hat, which lay in desuetude upon the stairs when I eased my descent to breakfast, was of unannealed felt, of the form called by the vulgar a Trilby, alternatively an Elpine.

As I met him, after grubbing my inwards, I said "Good morning," with my customary hail-fellow-neck-and-neck affability. He replied "Banzai!" Here, I thought, is a kind of no common herd. Remembering that soft soap facilitates revolutions per minute of the sorriest mare, I told him that I had seldom heard such good Japanese since I arrived in English soil, salving my face with the reflection that, as I had heard none other, attempt on our language, this was a pretty safe miss in the balky harbour of shepherd's-plaid tarradiddles.

This man told me he had studied Japan, just as he had studied ancient Greece, and believed that a black man—or a tan, for that matter—was as good as a white, and better. This seemed fairly open-handed largesse, and I responded that he was a man of heart and oak, which seemed to please his nibs, adding that I could see he had an eye on things.

Yes, he admitted, he knew a hole in a pair of steps—in fact, some of his associates dubbed his vanity by calling him the Socrates of Stockwell. If I took any interest in "the things what matter," he added, I should come down and hear him hold the fort that evening at a concourse of brother working-men whom he had inpanelled "in the hopes of giving them a soul above

four-halves and shove-halfpence." I assured him of my pleasure to be a party in mind, body and estate to his pearly drops, and he gave me a card, upon which (most ingeniously with a small piece of soldering-lead) he inscribed the name and address of the Refreshing Rooms under whose spreading threshold his Society met.

I attended, duly arranging my toilet so that I was not too obviously an affluent lily-spinner of society; and as my friend gave tongue to

asked my friend. He would bet any reasonable amount of tin, he said, that JOHN BURNS had not put hand to vice for nigh on twenty years of grace. No man could be a friend of the working-man who was not himself a working-man—toiling, rejoicing, and occasionally piping the optic of compassion with other working-men.

There were at the present moment, P.M., he continued, a most uncomfortable number of labourers in London who had no work to whet their whistles upon. If the great JOHN BURNS was the friend of the working-man, why could not he give them something better than work on new asylums? Putting a premium on balmy-crumptedness, he called it. In his opinion BURNS might talk for ten years, with his two thousand, and his library, and his what-not, but what he found when he looked around his points of the compass was hundreds of thousands of men out of work—North, South, East, and West, as the crow flies. Here he sat down, amid the rented shouts of the auditors.

At this juncture I begged to be allowed to declaim a few periods. Making an actuarial allowance for mnemonic side-slips, I spoke as follows:

"My dear Sirs! I came to listen to your words and drink a non-combatant 'small black,' not to address you. But I feel obliged to tilt a lancet-point with our friend. Though I must compliment him on the febrility of his sonification, I do not envy him his premises, his message, or anything that is his. To state

that building asylums for the mentally imbecile is to increase the paucity of *mens sana in conscia recti* is quite illogical: as well presume that to build gallow-bushes is to make each chap a murderer of his able-bodied brothers. To me, gentlemen of the auditorium, the Labour question is one of education. There are so many labourers unable to recognise a job simply because their teaching has been mediocre to many degrees of Fahrenheit.

"There are some hundreds of thousands, *anno domini*, of labourers with their digits perforce ambushed in their fobs, and there is only one



"AT THIS POINT HIS LORDSHIP INTERRUPTED MR. DRAWLER IN HIS SPEECH, AND SAID IT WAS A CONVENIENT TIME FOR THE COURT TO RISE."—*Saturday's Legal Report.*

such wizened opinions I make no hat-in-mouth apology for recounting his main-sheet. We sat around the room at Carrara-tipped tables bearing traces of Time's ringed changes and cups of cocon, and as one man we ordered "small blacks." These proved to be little mugs of a liquid whose appearance and flavour suggested respectively coffee and the waters of Lethia.

Incision was made in *medias res* the proceedings by my friend, who said he had seen but yester's dewy eve that the Horrible JOHN BURNS, P.C., had been described as a friend of the working-man. Oh, was he?





Charwoman. "Now that would be 'AND-PAINTED, WOULDN'T IT? AH—HOW NICE YOU CAN DO THEM 'AND-PAINTED THINGS IF YOU 'VE GOT THE TIME. IT'S THE TIME!"

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, of Skibo, Bucks. Why? Simply because, having achieved the erectitude of his own piles of rhinos, Mr. CARNEGIE never tells us how he performed such working-bee prodigies of value for money. He has lectured and told his hearers how to *save* money, but not how to *beget* it. To *save* is humanly a bit of a job; to *create* cash is a devil of a deep-sea undertaking. To my eagle eyrie the desideratum is that we should have issue of an invitation to all millionaires to attend a central spot. Then round-off and collar-up (to use a N.-W. Territorialism) the labourers and let them enjoy a few hours of *pêle-mêle causerie*.

"Your millionaire is much like any other chap of flesh, bone, or cartilage. I am sure if we had a few here just at the moment, gave them each a jorum of 'small black' and a dig in the S.-W. thoracic region, speaking to them as working-men *in case* to working-men with pasts, they would tip us a few staves on such a

vexed question, and tell us the favourite for the big event.

"Mr. BURNS, whose ethics have been so ably eviscerated by the first speaker, is not up to much. It is obvious as a pike-shaft that if we all adopted the course of the sweet singer of Battersea we should finish up as feathered *habitués* of the privet-hedge of P.C.-ishness. Counting noses, on this hypotenuse, I can see at one blow forty-odd working-men each drawing from the well two thousand quids per annum as easy as tiddledy-winking!

"One of the brightest minds of the century has handed out the remark that to be truly happy, and let who will be dyspeptic, man must live on sixpence *per diem*, having previously observed the formality of earning said tanner.

"Supt. WELLS, of Scotland Yard, tells me that if each unemployed son of the toil would take to wife one Suffragette and—the two being made one—go back to the land, as far back as possible, the Unemployed

and Suffrage questions would sole and heel themselves—mutually, simultaneously, and *nemine contradicente*."

Having been thanked for my contribution to the flow of English undefiled, and permitted as a favour to discharge the day of reckoning of some forty-odd "small blacks," I took my hat from peg and vamosed the ranks. And on reflection next morning I was so satisfied with the body and clarity of my spokes in their flywheel, as to decide to offer a *ragoût* of same for benefit of any reader of *Punch* who may be impaled between the horned toadstools of a dilemma by being called upon for a few well-chosen remarks on this Labour question. I am not above myself to admit that I have often give birth to most brainy postulates after conning hand-over-hand the utterings of some other silver-tongued chap, adopting his cerebral foundlings to my own hook by wafting over same the pinions of the bird of paraphrase. E. N. D.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN his latest (but surely not his last) book of distilled-water essays, *At Large* (SMITH, ELDER), Mr. A. C. BENSON complains of the critics who accused him of writing platitudes. "If they are platitudes," he says, "why do we not find more people practising them? What I mean by a platitude is a truth so obvious that it is devoid of inspiration, and has become one of the things that everyone does so instinctively that no reminder of them is necessary." Well, I am afraid my definition of the word is different from Mr. BENSON's. If at the end of a long discourse he were to say: "And perhaps the essence of the whole matter is this—that to be good is to be happy," I should remark that he was talking platitude. Yet I have friends who are quite good without being really very happy. Again, I go to bed late and I get up late, and frequently I remind myself of the folly of it, but I should rightly be irritated with a man who observed solemnly: "I sometimes think that the secret of the matter is this: that only they are truly healthy who retire to rest early at night and rise again early on the morrow; and it may even be that only thus shall they acquire honourable wealth and wisdom also." These things are platitudes because they repeat (with an air of wisdom) what everybody has already thought for himself; not necessarily what he has already practised. Writing of his life at the country cottage which inspired these essays, Mr. BENSON says: "There is no stir, no eagerness, no brisk interchange of thought about it." Well, that describes his book exactly; and as it is now my turn to relate the obvious to Mr. BENSON let me assure him that the intellectual masses do not like interchange of thought—but that they do like reading in beautiful language (and print) actually the very things that they have always felt for themselves.

IN JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY'S book, *The Gorgeous Borgia* (HURST AND BLACKETT), Two points that I can't overlook Impel me to attack it.

The first is this:—In fiction based On history, the scribe should plot so That all his vital lines are traced From fact; and here it's not so.

The second:—On the Borgian beat I always hope the stress and storm 'll Excite my blood to fever heat; And here it stuck at normal.

These points aside, the art displayed Gave me no little satisfaction, And readers will be well repaid With that in lieu of action.

Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON ought to be prosecuted by

the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Impoverished French Viscounts. As long as the gentleman whose story is recorded in *Mirage* (METHUEN) was a boarder in a Bloomsbury pension his life was not exactly saturated with the *joie de vivre*, but it was just endurable. He thought, poor innocent, that he knew the worst. But Fate and Mr. THURSTON had their eye on him. First they pretended to be dreadfully sorry for him, and took him away from Bloomsbury to a sweet little cottage in Berkshire. Then they let him fall in love with the daughter of the girl who had been his sweetheart in the days of long ago, and then, having bamboozled him into thinking that he was shortly going to be left a large fortune, they allowed him to propose to her, in spite of the forty-three years' difference between their ages. After that, having comforted him with love, they proceeded to chastise him with scorpions. The promised legacy was snatched from his expectant grasp, and, on discovering that his affianced bride had only accepted him out of womanly pity, he resigned her to a contemporary of her own, and took the next train back to Bloomsbury. It is all very simple and pretty and depressing, but, in spite of Mr. THURSTON's graceful and pleasant style, it doesn't seem to me to take one much forrarder. But we may at least be grateful that *Mirage* is quite free from the blemishes which disfigured *Sally Bishop*—and helped to make her fortune.

When I used to play Cavaliers and Roundheads (under the old nursery rules) victory always went, I believe, to the former, and PRINCE RUPERT had the rocking-horse. In a great many novels, too, your Puritan is a spiritless sort of fellow who has a poor time both on the battle-field and in the drawing-room. Mr. H. C. BAILEY, however, is much less conventional in *Colonel Stow* (HUTCHINSON). Though his hero does fight for KING CHARLES, he is really a free-lance with leanings to the other side, and only espouses the

loyalist cause for the sake of his lady, who, as a matter of fact, turns out to be a hussy and runs away with his friend *Colonel Royston*. That puts the plot of the story (including both Colonels) into a nutshell. For the rest the book goes at a rare canter; and there is never a moment of boredom while Mr. BAILEY is in the saddle, in spite of the dead-weight of solid history he is carrying. His verbal activity, too, is amazing, and the dazzling thrusts and parries of his well-assorted characters extend right away down to the conversation of cooks and lackeys. "Marriage is a sacrament: you may also consider it a sauce"; and again, "I fear nothing but God and an English omelette," says *Matthieu-Marc*. I wonder what *Porthos* would have done if *Mousqueton* had made remarks like that. *Parbleu!*

"Mr. Albert Smit played a violoncello concerto by Goltermann and Bizet, Wagner and Grieg."—*Bath Herald*.

Hence the word "concerto."



## LAND HUNGER.

Visitor at Cookery Exhibition. "I beg YOUR PARDON, BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME TO THE STALL WHERE THE NEW AMERICAN SAND FOOD IS TO BE SAMPLED?"